

**The Perils of Madame Mystica**

**Volume 2: The Case of the Missing Heiress**

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**Prologue**

*How am I going to fit my ass in that?* Natasha wondered as she stared at the small leather thong resting on a bed of tissue paper inside of the gift box. Not for the first time, she found herself wondering if her sizable posterior had finally met its match. Even if it did fit, she doubted it would be comfortable.

One of her fans, username BDGFAN97 had sent the thong, along with a matching bikini top, along with a sizable tip for her to wear it on her livestream that night. Natasha had always prided herself on making good on viewer requests, especially if they tipped as well as BDGFAN97 had. Still, more often than not when a viewer sent her something to wear, it would barely fit her backside, or not fit at all. Sometimes she could make it work and squeeze into a bikini or lingerie long enough to do her stream, but sometimes there was no possible way she would be able to make something work.

She reached her perfectly manicured hands into the box, looped her fingers around either side of the thong, and lifted it up, eyeing it with suspicion. It looked small, and tight. Natasha turned her head to look over her shoulder at the full length mirror hanging on her dorm room wall and was greeted by the sight of her large, round, tanned and curvaceous buttocks in her small white thong panties.

*No way it will fit.* She frowned and held the thong behind her back and over her almost bare backside. It definitely didn't look like it would fit.

Still, people would be watching her stream that night, and almost 2 million viewers tuned in every night to see her ass in various types of bikinis and underwear. Natasha was thankful that her dad had paid a little extra and got her a private dorm where she could do her streams relatively undisturbed, she could only imagine how a roommate would deal with her dancing around in little bikinis every night.

Sure there was more to her streams than just her butt, every now and then she would play a game, watch a movie, or do a Q&A, but she knew the real reason why people tuned in every night, and why she had double the amount of followers on social media as she did streaming viewers: her ass.

Her round, thick buttocks had their own gravitational field, drawing countless fans and admirers into her orbit. If she wore the wrong size underwear or bikini, it could be devoured completely by her behind. Natasha loved her ass though, and was proud of it. She loved showing it off, loved that people worshipped it, and loved that it was the source of her income. Despite her curvaceous backside, the rest of Natasha's body could be described as "slim-thick." Though her breasts were small, they were perky and round, and with the right top she could produce some impressive cleavage, and her stomach was flat with the hint of a six-pack.

She had a head of thick, dirty blond hair, hazel eyes, a small nose, full red lips and a wide mouth that produced a dazzling, toothy grin. All together, she presented an alluring, sexy, and cute package. Natasha felt the eyes of every boy on campus on her wherever she went, and was fairly certain that a good portion of them probably watched her stream every night too.

Maybe one of them was who sent her the small leather thong.

*Then they can come help me get out of it if it gets stuck up ass.* She thought, setting the thong down and turned to her laptop.

Five minutes until stream time.

Natasha sighed, knowing she couldn't waste any more time. She would have to try on the thong.

She grabbed the sides of her panties and pushed them down, kicking them aside with her foot so they landed in a pile of laundry in the corner of her dorm, and then turned to look at her bare ass in the mirror. There was a very prominent, thong-shaped tan-line on her behind that only accentuated her large, tanned butt cheeks anymore. Natasha loved her tan-line, but wasn't quite ready to go showing off her bare butt on her stream just yet.

*Maybe after graduation.* She smiled while still admiring her backside. Natasha only had one more semester to go at Chance City University, and most of her tuition was still being paid by her father. Once she was done and out on her own, she could do whatever she wanted, but for now if her

dad found out she was showing off her ass on the internet to strangers for money, he would probably cut her off.

Natasha giggled, there was a thrill to that somehow, being Daddy's little girl but having the naughty side. At first she worried that her father would find out about the streams and that she would get an angry call from him, but her dad wasn't on social media, and she doubted that anyone close to him was. Plus, he had a major corporation to run, it wasn't like he had time to constantly check on what his daughter was doing.

Standing bare-assed in the middle of her dorm, Natasha held up the leather thong, took a breath, and bent over to step into it. As she pulled the bikini bottom up along her thighs, she fully expected it to stop halfway up her buttocks, yet another article of clothing defeated by her dump-truck ass. Instead, to her surprise, she felt the tough leather slide perfectly into place between the twin mounds of her butt cheeks and the straps rest comfortably along her hips. She let out a gasp of surprise and turned to look in the mirror to see the black thong fit her perfectly. Not only that, but it looked great on her too, the black leather somehow complementing her tanned skin.

Natasha turned, admiring her rear end a little more, and then reached behind her back and undid the clasp on her white bra. She discarded the bra into the pile of laundry in the corner, and retrieved the matching black leather bra from the box as well. Much to her surprise, the bra fit perfectly as well, and when she turned to face the mirror, saw that it pushed her breasts up and together quite nicely, giving her some very full, and formidable, cleavage. It was distracting actually, how great her breasts looked in the top, and she stood admiring herself in the mirror, lifting her heaving cleavage with her hands and caressing her breasts in the tight leather top.

*I can't stand here admiring my own boobs all day, I should start the stream.* She thought, and it felt like it took all of her willpower to pull away from admiring herself in the mirror, and then stepped over to the computer to log on. There were already several viewers in the waiting area for her, including BDGFAN97. Natasha's hands flew over the keyboard and a moment later a her webcam

came on and a countdown appeared at the top of her screen telling her she had ten seconds until she was live. As her laptop counted down the seconds, Natasha pulled over a chair, sat, crossed her legs, and smiled as the final few seconds passed. Then her computer beeped, telling her she was live, and a red dot glowed next to her webcam, telling her she was being recorded.

There was a steady stream of messages next to the image of her on the computer screen, mostly guys complimenting her, some of them, others lewd, and seas of hearts from viewers sending her likes, but no tips, yet.

“Hey guys, how’s everyone doing tonight?” She smiled and leaned forward in the chair, watching more hearts dance across the scrolling message screen.

“Thank you guys for joining my stream and thank you to a very special fan for this sexy new outfit.” She giggled, leaned forward, and ran her index fingers under the straps of her top, watching as the likes exploded, along with a few tips.

There were quite a few responses asking to see the back.

“I see some of you want to see what this looks like from behind.” She giggled and tossed her head to the side, watching as several people commented enthusiastically.

As she watched, several hundred more had joined her stream.

“Oh I don’t know, doesn’t seem like you guys want it enough.” She fake pouted, watching as she received another outpouring of likes and tips.

“Hmm, you really want to see the back?” She shifted slightly more in her seat, watching as she received more likes and tips.

“Well fine, you’ve convinced me.” She giggled, stood, pushed her chair back, and turned, displaying her thonged ass to the camera.

There was an outpouring of tips, along with plenty of comments about what her viewers would do to her rear end if they could.

“Do you like?” She ran a hand along the curve of her butt cheek, and then did the same with her other hand on her other cheek. Her efforts were rewarded with more tips.

“I think it fits me quite well.” She cupped her hands under her cheeks and jiggled them up and down, giggling as she did. Even she found the movement of her own ass mesmerizing some times.

After jiggling her cheeks up and down for a minute longer, she turned back around to face her screen, seeing that her online tip jar had filled quite nicely already.

“I have to say, I think this looks great on me.” She ran a finger along the strap running along her hip as she watched the messages scroll across her feed.

There was a message from BDGFAN97. Natasha leaned forward to read it, expecting the usual praise about how great she looked in the leather bikini. Instead, she furrowed her brow as she read his messages to her.

*That’s not all of it.* The first message read.

*Check the box.* Was the next message.

She stood back up and saw that BDGFAN 97 had deposited another tip for, a very generous one.

“Well everyone, looks like I have more surprises for you.” Natasha smiled, turned so that her viewers would get a nice, long view of her ass while she retrieved the box.

Once she found the box, she sat back down in front of her computer and rifled through it.

“Let’s see what else we have to play with...” She cooed while rifling through the layers of tissue paper to find what else BDGFAN97 had in store for her.

Her hands found something and she lifted what looked like a set of leather manacles from the box and held it up in front of her face, not only for her viewers to see, but so she could inspect it as well.

*Oh no, I’m not getting kinky for this guy.* She thought as her jaw dropped at the thought of doing a bondage show. Natasha did many things, but kink wasn’t her style.

“Oh, these could be fun!” She smiled and looked at the camera, intending only to imply the bondage angle but then brush it off.

But when Natasha looked at the steady scroll of messages on her monitor, she saw countless, enthusiastic messages from her fans.

*Oh yes!*

*Put them on, please!*

*This is getting so hot!*

Not only that, but they were tipping too, and tipping well.

Then she saw another message from BDGFAN97, along with another generous tip. This one larger than the last.

*Put them on.* The message read.

But Natasha continued holding on the manacles, biting her lip. All she did on her streams was show off her ass and goof around, not get kinky. If she did this, then other fans would start to expect something...

But the tips, and messages encouraging her kept coming. Natasha also had a reputation as a streamer, and if she turned down a fan request after he paid her, then it might reflect poorly on her.

“Okay! Let’s do it!” She exclaimed.

Her fans responded with a myriad of enthusiastic messages and tips. As they showered her with praise, she inspected the manacles. It looked like they were linked by a buckle on the side of each. She unhooked the manacles from each other, held up a wrist, and put on the manacle like a watch. After she secured the strap, she put the other manacle on her opposite wrist. Since they were detached from each other, it just looked like she was wearing leather bracelets.

“Oh these are cute.” She giggled, pressed her wrists together to give the look that they were chained together while simultaneously using her biceps to press her breasts together.

“Do you guys like me tied up?” She laughed and leaned forward for her viewers to get a good view of her smushed, raised cleavage.

There was an outpouring of responses in the overwhelmingly positive. Part of Natasha worried that she was opening a can of worms with this, but then she saw the tips. This might have been her best earning night ever.

Then she saw another message from BDGFAN97

*Keep looking.* It said, with another tip. Every tip he was giving her was larger than the last.

Natasha stuck her hands back in the box and came back with another set of leather manacles, she assumed these were for her ankles

*Does he expect me to tie myself up?* She thought. There was no way she was unless she had a partner with her, but she usually did her streams solo.

But still, he was tipping, and so was everyone else.

“Well,” She smiled and looked right at her webcam. “This fun just isn’t stopping.” She unhooked the manacles from each other, held them in either hand, and winked at her webcam.

Natasha stood and turned, once again so her viewers could see her ass, and lifted one leg, planting it on the chair. She ran her hands over the curve of her buttocks, once again cupping them just below her leather clad ass, and giggle again. Then she took one of the manacles and fastened it around her ankle. Lowering that leg, she shifted so that her viewers got a view of the opposite side of her ass, once again lifted her other leg onto the chair, and fastened the other manacle onto that ankle.

“What else do you got for me?” She turned around, running her hands over her leather clad breasts.

*Look in the bag. One more thing.* BDGFAN97 responded, with another tip.

This one was so large that Natasha’s jaw dropped at the sight of it. This was the kind of customer most streamers dreamed of.



Still, she had to have a limit, boundaries. If she let him keep doing this then he could think she would do anything for him. But still, so far it was harmless, and her other fans were tipping extremely well.

*What harm was there in playing along?* She thought and licked her lips.

Once again, Natasha dug through the box, and this time pulled out a thick, white cloth. She held it up in her hands and inspected it.

*What does he expect me to do with this?* She wondered, holding the cloth out for her viewers to see.

As if reading her mind, BDGFAN97 responded.

*Put it in your mouth.* There was a massive, massive tip. Natasha's heart fluttered, there was no way she could say no for the money he just gave her...

*A gag!* Another message from another fan said.

*She'll look so hot gagged!* Said another fan!

*Gag yourself!*

*Do it!*

*Stick it in your mouth!*

Natasha bit her lips, looking at the outpouring of support, and tips from her followers.

*Only for this once, it can't hurt!* She shrugged.

"Okay boys, time to shut me up!" She smiled, to her fan's enthusiastic response, and then opened her mouth, pressed the cloth between her lips, wrapped it around her head and tied it at the back of her neck.

"Mmmm..." She moaned, biting down on the gag.

*So hot!*

*I love it!*

*Stay gagged!*

*Do you like it?*

“Ummm hmm...” Natasha sighed at the last message and and rubbed her hands along the leather bra, watching as more and messages, and tips, came through.

“Hmmm mmm...” She moaned, standing and running her hands along her hips.

*Might as well give them a show.* She thought. Usually she would chat and answer questions, but since she couldn’t talk, it was hard to do that. That was alright though, she could entertain her fans in other ways.

Natasha turned, baring her thonged ass to the camera, and bent over, running her hands along her backside.

“Mmmm... hmmm....” She cooed, turning her head to look at her message feed. Her fans were eating it up.

“Ummm hmmm...” She continued, moving her hands up to the strap to the thong running along her hips.

“Ummm!” She cried, suddenly feeling a pulling sensation.

Her wrists, it felt like the manacles were magnets being drawn to each other.

“Hmmmph!” She grunted, resisting as the manacles tried to pull towards it each.

Despite her best efforts, her wrists locked together behind her back.

“Hrrrry!” She cried, and then heard a click as the manacles latched together.

“Whfffft!” Her eyes widened and she looked over her shoulder at her wrists, now manacled together behind her back.

“Ummm mmoo! Mmmph” She cried, trying to pull the manacles apart, but they were latched together.

Magnets couldn’t do that, could they? Make a latch open and close?

“Hllppp! Ummm ggmmdd!” She turned to her monitor to see that her fans were loving it.

*Oh my god I love how she struggles!*

*The noises she makes are so hot!*

“Nrrroo! Mmmmp! Sttph!” She moaned, leaning forward to read more from her message feed.

Instead, the tips kept coming. They thought this was part of the show!

“Urrmmm mmph! Hrrmmph!” She stepped towards the monitor, then wobbled as her ankles were suddenly pulled together.

“Urrrrmm!” She screamed, eyes wide as she toppled, losing her balance. Once again it felt like magnets in the manacles that pulled them together.

“Offf...” She grunted, landing on her side and hearing the latch on her ankle restraints click into place.

*What is this?*

“Mmmrroo!” She turned her head and looked at her feet, now connected by the small metal latch on either side of the manacles.

“Urrmm mmmmmph! Mmmmp!” She twisted and writhed on the floor, trying to pull her ankles apart as well but the latch held.

“Ummm mmph! Mmmph!” Natasha rolled around, struggling against her bonds to no avail. She twisted on her side and looked up at her monitor to see her message scroll was still active, though being on the floor, she was no longer in view of the webcam.

*Hey, where did she go?*

*I can still hear her!*

*This just got boring!*

“Urrggh!” She spat. Couldn’t any of them see that she needed help?

“Ummm... uffff...” She moaned, rolled onto her back, and sat up. What was this? Was it someone’s idea of a joke?

*Whatever it is, I'm not doing bondage again!* She thought, and bit into her gag. Somehow, she had to find a way out of this.

Just then, the door to her dorm burst open, like it had been kicked. It took the bound and gagged girl a moment to register that it had been kicked open until she saw the splintered door jam.

“Hrrrry!” She screamed, her heart fluttering again. At first she thought it might be help, someone who heard her muffled cries, or a fan who had been watching the stream and came to her aid.

Instead, Natasha felt her blood freeze and her nipples go hard against the leather bra as she realized help was not coming.

Instead, it was two women, but she could only tell that they were women from the curve of their breasts under the tight, black leather jackets they wore. Both women wore tight black leggings too, and judging from how form fitting their clothes were, they were very in shape. Their faces were covered with black ski masks that only left their eyes exposed and they wore black leather gloves as well.

“Mmmmmph! Mmmm gggmmm!” She cried, and tried to push herself back as the two masked women stormed across her small dorm towards her.

Natasha didn't know her strategy beyond just to get away from the kidnappers – at least, that's what she suspected they were – but they were on her in seconds.

“Urrrrggg hmmmph! Mmmph!” She twisted and cried as one woman stepped behind her and hooked her hands under the bound girl's armpits while the other woman wrapped powerful arms around her manacles ankles.

Neither woman said a word as they lifted the struggled, thong clad girl off the floor.

“Mmmph! Mmmm! Hlllp! Ummm hlllp! Ummmph!” Natasha kicked and thrashed as her masked kidnappers carried her out the open door without a word.